

### LOVE'S WAGE.

The labor of love is through toil and pain,  
And thirsty stretches of desert bare;  
His garments rusty with wind and rain,  
And oft unkempt is his ragged hair.

The labor of love is without a price;  
No wage asks he save her lips to kiss,  
Her smile to lighten, to see the rise  
Of red in her cheek—love's wage is this.

Small measure of praise has the world for him;  
But when, at even, a little head  
Lies close in his arm as the day grows dim,  
Love's crown is won and his cross is fled.

—Arthur Stanley Riggs, in Life.



ROBERT J. CLIFFORD, of the United States Secret Service, is a lucky man. His chiefs think he is the most brilliant young detective in the Department, and perhaps they are right, but his luck is proverbial, too, and the combination is rapidly making his fame.

His first great coup was the capture and destruction of the famous Laredo counterfeiting plant, which was then flooding Texas with silver dollars of full weight and fine workmanship. The excellence of the imitation and the true ring of the illegal dollars were the admiration and despair of the authorities, and for months the best detectives in the service tried and failed to get trace of the illicit mint.

Clifford was the third man sent to Texas on the case, and he had little reason to hope for success where older and more famous men had met only disappointment. The night of his arrival, leaving his luggage at the station, he set out to find a modest boarding-house, and before nine o'clock he was installed in the back bedroom of a one-story adobe house in Nueva Leon street. The old hag who answered his rap at the street door was a Mexican, but the interior of her house was clean and cool, and she assured him that neither women nor children were among her roomers, he struck a bargain and moved in. The next day he began to "size up" the town, and before dark he came home with a mental list of half a dozen places whence the queer dollars issued plentifully, and several specimens of the bogus coin itself.

On the front of the house in which he now lived Clifford saw a little tin sign lettered:

.....  
: EZRA K. PAYTON, ASSAYER :  
: Spanish and English Taught :  
.....

"More luck," thought Clifford. "If he's a safe man I may use his services. I'll just look him over now."

So he rapped at a door with Payton's name on it and heard a strong, musical voice shout: "Come in!" The voice fitted the man whom Clifford found sitting in an easy chair, with a book on his lap. He quickly arose with a good smile and said: "Ah, you're our new neighbor, I believe. Mr. Roberts, I think Mrs. Nodal called you. Sit down, Mr. Roberts."

Who the detective explained that he was in the hide business; that he meant to stay in Laredo a month or two, and thought of learning a little Spanish.

"Spanish or no Spanish, I'm glad to know you," said Mr. Payton, taking down a decanter and glasses. "I've been here in Laredo six years now, baking and vegetating by turns. I know every greaser and gringo in the neighborhood, but I'm really lonesome for some new contact with real civilization. Even the tourist dallies not in Laredo."

Mr. "Roberts" and the assayer became good friends directly. The de-



MY WASHERWOMAN.

tective soon learned that his new friend was quite a personage in town, much liked, a public spirited citizen, reputed wealthy and a bachelor.

One night as they were chatting and smoking in the moonlight by Payton's window the assayer startled his companion with:

"Clifford, I might as well tell you that I know you're a Secret Service man. I—"

"How the mischief—," gasped the astonished detective.

"Simplest thing in the world," laughed Payton. "I got a letter from Daly—your predecessor here. Why, he had the same room you've got, and we were good friends. I've assayed a lot of those bad coins for him. In his letter he mentioned you and said if I

ran across you to treat you right, and so forth. Oh, Daly was a good fellow, and I tell you it almost broke his heart to leave here without landing those counterfeits."

Clifford was over his surprise by this time, but Payton ran on:

"I always told him that that bad money was made in Mexico, but he could never trace any of it to the river. Perhaps he was right, after all. The local police have been working on the case for years, but they know less now than ever, it seems."

And they talked and smoked, Clifford at his ease now, till there was a gentle rap at the door.

"Now, Clifford," whispered Payton, lighting a lamp, "I'll show you my washerwoman—the prettiest creature on the border."

The rap was repeated, and the assayer said:

"Come, senorita!"

The door swung softly open and a young Mexican girl stepped in. She was beautiful with the shadowy beauty of the weird and luminous nights of her own land. Her face was an oval brown, her eyes, long-lashed and smoldering ebony, her mouth red even in the pale lamplight, her teeth white and regular, her body slender and yet supple.

"This is Senorita Teresa," said Payton, smiling at the girl.

"Buenos noches, senor," she murmured shyly, drawing her mantilla to her chin and shrinking toward the wall.

The assayer went into his bedroom



STARED INTO THE MUZZLE OF A SIX-SHOOTER.

and came back with a pillow case full of linen for the laundress. Teresa took it with a demure courtesy and vanished like a shade.

"She's a dream," smiled Clifford, rising to go; "I'm jealous of you, and your washerwoman." And the tired detective said goodnight and went to his bed.

Payton was awakened about midnight by a loud knock at his door.

"Who is it?" he growled, crawling out to make a light.

"Clifford," said his friend. "I've got to leave on the one o'clock train. I thought I'd say goodby!"

Payton opened the door and stared into the muzzle of a six-shooter. In his left hand the detective held the pillow case.

"Well, Payton, you see I held up your laundress," grinned the sleuth, dropping the bag, which clinked its silver contents on the stone floor. Two policemen came in out of the dark hallway, and the assayer surrendered with the grace of a dethroned king.

"I congratulate you, old fellow," said he, smiling admiringly at the detective. "How on earth did you come to suspect me?"

"Why, I've been shadowing that laundress' house for a month. Her father is a roulette fiend, and he always plays the 'queer' dollars. That bag of your linen to-night set me to thinking. It looked too heavy for its size. I slipped out the back way and waylaid her. Now, show us your kit."

"With pleasure, Clifford," smiled the edified counterfeiter, leading them into his bedroom. "If you'll take off these handcuffs I'll show you how to make money the easiest. I wish it were as easy to spend."—John H. Raftery, in the Chicago Record-Herald.

### Greatness in Perceiving Greatness.

It is easy to see defects. It is not so easy to see beauties. It took less of a man to discern the mistakes in grammar in the ordinary speech of such a man as Dwight L. Moody, when he began his evangelistic work in Chicago, than it did to see his real power as a speaker, that held attention to him such hearers as Lord Cairns, and Mr. Gladstone, and George Bancroft, and the Emperor of Brazil. Was it littleness or greatness that caused one to perceive the defects and not the power? Such a preacher as Horace Bushnell was quickest to perceive signs of marked capacity in a young preacher. A dull and stupid preacher could have recognized defects and lack in the young man quite as well as Bushnell, Napoleon and General Grant were remarkable for their power to perceive ability in men under them. Yet commonplace men could see defects in such men as quickly as the great commanders. It requires greatness to perceive signs of greatness. A little man can see littleness. Do we give that evidence of greatness or littleness in passing on our fellows?—Sunday-School Times.

### Spaniards' Favorite Instrument.

The favorite instrument in Spain is the mandera, of the guitar family. It is usually provided with six pairs of wire strings.

## COLONIES IN NEW JERSEY

### JEWISH REFUGEES ARE REDEEMING THE WILD LANDS.

The State is at Present About Half Wilderness—How Different Settlements Have Fared—The Success of Woodbine, Rosenhayn and Carmel.

State Geologist Kummel, who has been consulting with Governor Voorhees for some time on the matter of redeeming New Jersey forest lands, will send out in a short time bulletins on forestry, so that the people will be brought to see the possibilities of the State's woodlands and make more than a half-million acres cleared and prosperous land.

Some time ago a movement, looking in the same direction, was placed on foot to have the State own the forest lands. New Jersey is at present about half wilderness, the wilds of the southern part of the State making up this great percentage. The possibilities of this uncultivated section were recognized years ago by Russian and Polish Jews, who established colonies there.

There is a circle in the South Jersey pine lands, touching points in Cumberland, Salem and Cape May counties that are experimental, and, in the main, successful colonies. Such are Alliance, Rosenhayn, Carmel and Woodbine, Baron de Hirsch's well-known community.

Alliance, in Salem County, was at one time in the eye of benevolent people of both America and Europe, and its establishment was hailed as a solution of an international problem. The persecuted Jews of Russia were fleeing by shiploads and throwing themselves upon the mercies of other nations, particularly England. England, to relieve herself, sent them to America. The problem of their disposal in this country became a philanthropic question. This section had the advantage of being close to the markets of New York and Philadelphia. Land was very low, acreage enough for a whole city being purchasable for the price of a single city lot. Soon the wilderness was made to blossom.

Vineland was transformed from a woodland hamlet into a pretty city, attracting buyers from all parts of the country, with successful foreign colonies surrounding it. Hammonctown had evolved out of a dense woodland into a big tract of small fruit farms. Egg Harbor became a prosperous German town. With these successful experiments in view, the Hebrew Aid Society was induced by a Vineland agent, who at that time was an emigrant commissioner, to purchase a tract which became Alliance. It was in a corner of Salem County, and the nearest trading point was Vineland. The tract purchased was some distance from the New Jersey Southern Railroad, and six miles from the West Jersey road. A road was cut through the woods, a large square opening made, and a coarse barracks erected. The plot of 1000 acres was later split into fifteen-acre lots, and small cabins erected, at a cost of \$150, to be paid for in twenty years, without interest.

In spite of these charitable plans there soon came signs of discontent. Across the country ten miles or so there was an older colony known as Estelle, in Atlantic County. Its inhabitants possessed some means. Creating farms in the wilderness did not appeal to the inhabitants of Estelle, and many of them started out as peddlers. Soon Estelle became a deserted village, and the fate of the older colony had a demoralizing effect upon Alliance. The people of the latter settlement began to grow dissatisfied and wearied the Hebrew Aid Society beyond patience by importunities for money to start up in business, or for working their little farms. The Aid Society, to get rid of the annoyance, gave the colony over to the Alliance Land Trust.

The families that remained were patient and industrious. They raised fruit, some of them realizing from \$300 to \$500 a year. In winter they made garments for New York concerns. Some of them started the making of cigars and cigarettes. The cottages were enlarged, an English public school was started, and a synagogue organized. Many prospered to the extent of giving their children advanced educations. In course of time several large industries located at Alliance. The town gradually extended toward the railroad, and now stretches along a single street three miles to Norma, the nearest railroad point.

Rosenhayn, another of the Hebrew settlements, was started about the same time as Alliance. It was directly on the line of the New Jersey Southern Railroad, midway between Bridgeton and Vineland. The New York Hebrew Emigrant Aid Society placed six Jewish families at Rosenhayn, which now is a well-organized village of 900 people. One of the features of the place is a co-operative factory, where each employe shares the profits of the month. It appears to be working well.

Carmel, like Alliance, missed the line of the railroad. It had no association or corporation backing. It was started in 1882 by the association of 100 families, which, having a little capital, wanted to get out of New York's crowded tenements. They selected a site between Deerfield and Millville. The colonists appealed to Baron de Hirsch, who advanced \$5000. Carmel to-day is a successful colony, but it is seven miles from any other place, and is three miles from the Bridgeton and Millville traction line. The town is small, the synagogue being the only public building. There are several small industries, but most of the inhabitants still till the soil.

Woodbine, the best-known of all the colonies, was founded ten years ago, and is directly on the West Jersey and

Seashore Road, in the northern part of Cape May County. It contains 200 Jewish and forty Gentile families. Here is located the Baron de Hirsch Agricultural School. Out of this institution it is possible that the men will come who will make the South Jersey wilderness team with prosperous farms and settlements. This was one object of the Baron's beneficence, another being to raise up men to preach and apply the doctrines of Zionism. Much money has been spent on Woodbine, and it is said that the expenditures on it each year exceed the receipts. But there is no doubt of the success of small farming in South Jersey. Land is cheap, and the Jewish colonist is patient and persevering. New Jersey depends upon him largely to redeem the waste wilderness of the State.—New York Post.

### A REMARKABLE TRIBUTE.

George P. Rowell's Printer's Ink Discusses Country Weeklies.

The weekly home paper, the only news sheet probably published in the town or village far removed from a large city, is the most closely read and thoroughly respected publication to be found anywhere. It carries greater weight, has larger influence with the conservative old fogies who have been wrought up to await its weekly coming ever since they can remember. Its coming is indeed one of the weekly events, and it goes through the hands of the household in their regular order of precedence. The reading of its columns never becomes perfunctory. The head of the household gets it first, of course, and retiring into the chimney corner of a winter evening or some cosy nook on the porch of a summer twilight, he commences at the top of the first column, his forefinger perhaps marking each paragraph, and reading through it, takes up the next and the next, until he has digested all the news and the editorial opinions. But he is not yet through, for the advertisements in their turn also command his attention. A generation ago the country weekly was regarded with actual veneration throughout the land, and its influence was paramount everywhere outside of cities. Nowadays its sphere has become much circumscribed, but there are still many sections where its influence is supreme. In these the weight of an advertisement in its columns is still greater than any presented to a city clientele through the paper that happens at the moment to be their favorite.—Printer's Ink.

### How a Doctor Charges.

The enormous fees charged and received (in many cases) by physicians of no extraordinary skill have excited the entire medical profession. A leading practitioner in this city recently explained his method of charging to some inquisitive friends. "In the first place," he said, "I try to learn something about the financial position of my patient before rendering a statement, and I never send in a bill for services under three months. Frequently I wait six or twelve. But I make out my bills every week just as regularly as I pay my servants, and lay them away for future consideration. Suppose I have decided that Mr. Blank can afford to pay \$500 for an operation. I set that sum down in the bill; then when the bill is rendered I charge six per cent interest for the period that has elapsed. If it is a year the final charge is \$530. The odd dollars make a bill look better, you know, and, besides, I am entitled to interest. We doctors are obliged to seek it to our rich patients pretty hard, because we have so large a charity clientele which demands a lot of our time—and time is money."—Victor Smith, in New York Press.

### Visiting Secretaries.

Men as well as women seem to require visiting secretaries. The business of visiting secretary and stenographer has been adopted by quite a number of young men, and now one of them has set up an office and has a regular clientele.

His hours are principally in the evening, and the people who patronize him are business men who do not feel that they are yet able to afford a regular secretary. They arrange their correspondence so as to dictate in the evening.

These visiting secretaries are also called upon at times to be mentors of social requirements. There are many people from the West and other sections of the Union who have settled in New York, and who are ignorant of the very latest thing for dinners or entertainments, and some of them are shy in employing women or going to one of the bureaux of social requirements. The number of men, however, is at present few, and those who are really reaping the harvest.—New York Times.

### Eggs Saved in a Queer Way.

Mrs. Isabel Savory tells in her book, "A Sportsman in India," a story of a hen that was setting, but unluckily for her hatching operations, was interrupted by a cobra, which entered through a chink in the henhouse.

The cobra made a fine meal of well-washed eggs, but when it essayed to retire by the same hole through which it had entered, it found those eggs in the way. It was much too large to get out, so it stuck in the hole, half in the hen-house and half outside. There it was discovered the next morning in a surfeited condition. It paid for its greediness with its life, and then it paid back the eggs it had stolen; for when the body of the snake was opened the eggs were all found unbroken and warm. They were replaced under the hen, and in due time were hatched, none the worse for their peculiar incubation.

### FROST ON SHOP WINDOWS.

#### Double Windows the Most Effective Scheme For Prevention.

The cold weather serves as a warning of winter, one of whose announcements is the formation of an obscuring crust of frost on shop windows. A writer in The Iron Age, probably engaged in the hardware business, says that he had a great deal of trouble of that sort at one time, but finally discovered how to avert it. "At first," he says, "an old experienced contractor called at the store, who, after having the trouble explained to him, answered, 'Bore holes at the bottom of the window.' This was done, but it did not remedy the matter. Another man was sent for. He said, 'Air should be let in at the top.' Holes were made again, with no better results. At last, deciding to try to discover the trouble, the writer closed the back of the window tightly, applying weather strips to large joints, then loosened the outside moulding holding the plate glass. The result was a success—a glass dust proof and free from frost all winter.

"When a window has no back partition the best thing to do to prevent having a frosty window is to get another plate glass fixed close to the first, say, with about an inch space between. If this is done properly the window will never freeze even in the coldest of weather. It has been tried often, and has been found to be a success. The additional plate glass is generally rented from dealers in that line of goods for a few dollars, put in by them in the fall and taken away in the spring. Another effective and cheap way of preventing frost on a window during winter is to rub it with alcohol or glycerine two or three times a week."

### Tea That Comes High.

"There," said a dealer in tea as he held up a small package, "is a pound of tea that sells at \$50. Is it worth it? No, but that is the price, and there are some who are willing to pay for it. Ceylon tea is the only kind that comes to this market to be sold at this high price. There are other brands that sell at \$40, \$25, \$15, \$10, and from that down to cents. There are some people who think that the higher the price the better the quality of the goods, and they have to be satisfied. If you were in business and a man insisted on paying a high price for an article, wouldn't you accommodate him? If you wouldn't somebody else would, for such men must have what they want."

"The highest price that can be legitimately demanded for a pound of tea is \$4. I mean that for this price you can buy the best that is producible. Anything above that is a purely fancy price. The first pickings of the tea plant are the choice leaves. They are long and full of the essence that tea lovers demand and have a flavor that is not to be obtained in later pickings. There is no difference in the curing process, so it is only because the leaves are themselves the very choicest that can be got that the price is high.

"For this kind of tea only the very freshest and most virile plants are selected, and from them only the healthiest and sweetest leaves are taken. The picking is done before the leaves reach maturity and while they are still young and tender. As a consequence the flavor is delicate and rich, and lacks that harshness that is objectionable to a connoisseur in the cup. While a novice might not be able to detect the difference between the four dollar and three dollar kind, he would very easily notice the contrast between the carefully selected young leaves and the cheaper quality."—New York Times.

### Human Candlesticks.

Long ago, when our ancestors used candles for lighting, and before the candle-holder had been invented, the candle-holder was a boy. At least this was the custom in Scotland, where we read that it was the duty of the "herd-ladle" (who watched the cattle by day, to keep them from straying) to sit in the chimney corner at night holding a piece of candle in his hands and occasionally trimming it, to make it burn more brightly.

The candle was a peculiar one, also, as well as the candlestick. It was a bit of wood cut from a kind of fir tree which is found imbedded in certain Scotch lochs. This variety of candle is still used in some parts of Scotland, it is said.

The only relief the living candlestick had from his work was when a beggar craved a night's lodging. Then, in return for his bed and board, the beggar was expected to "hold the candle" for the evening. In Aberdeenshire, Scotland, a candlestick is even yet sometimes called a "puir-man," meaning a poor man, and this is the reason for the odd term.—The Presbyterian.

### The Origin of Stonehenge.

A well-informed correspondent writes us that the committee of antiquarians which is superintending the excavations at Stonehenge, undertaken in connection with the scheme for strengthening the foundations of the trilithons, have made discoveries that place the period of origin beyond cavil. A number of blunt instruments have been found some feet below the surface, and there is no doubt that these were used in the shaping of the stones, and consequently that Stonehenge is of the product of Neolithic man. These results are alleged to upset both the old notion as to the circles having been formed to commemorate some British victory in Roman or post-Roman times, and Professor Flinders Petrie's recent conclusion (from the supposed astronomical data) that Stonehenge is several centuries younger than the Christian era.

## REVENGE OF LOVERS.

### RIDICULOUS ESCAPADES OF SOME REJECTED YOUNG MEN.

Foolish Freaks of Youths in Old England—One Disappointed Suitor Went to the Expense of "Burying" His Ex-fiancee's Effects.

Whether the jilted lover feels that he has been made to look very foolish that it really does not matter how much more foolish he shows himself to be, it is impossible to say; but the fact remains that when he attempts "to get his own back," to use a vulgar phrase, he generally descends to a degree of ridiculousness difficult to exceed. Some of his foolish freaks are recounted by Tit-Bits. One salad youth recently startled and annoyed his erstwhile sweetheart and got himself into trouble with the law by chartering a small, but murderously-inclined brass band to play the "Dead March" in "Saul" under the lady's window. This individual is not alone in the glory of his ridiculousness; indeed he was only modestly following in the footsteps of another young man who had been similarly rejected. The latter young man took revenge upon his rejecter by giving her "constancy" a stately funeral, very much to the amusement of the good folks residing in his town. He caused a death notice to be inserted in the proper columns of all the local newspapers announcing that the love and constancy of the young lady had succumbed to an attack of another young man on a certain date. Then he actually went to the expense of "burying" his ex-fiancee's affections. At noon one day a band of some eight or ten instruments drew up in front of the young lady's house, and was promptly followed by a closed hearse and a single coach. Alighting quickly from the coach the young man of misplaced originality ran quickly up the steps of the lady's house, and immediately returned, pretending to bear some heavy object reverentially on the palms of his hands. This imaginary something was run into the hearse and the funeral cortege started to wend its way slowly through the streets towards the cemetery, led by the band playing the "Dead March," and with the addle-headed young man as sole mourner. Needless to say, the procession caused a good deal of sensation in the town, and by the time it had walked round the boundary wall of the cemetery it was the chief topic of local chatter, and everyone knew what was the meaning of it. A few days later there was very nearly a genuine funeral, for the young lady's new lover met the old lover in the street, with a decided advantage in favor of the former. A black eye and a badly swollen mouth, to say nothing of a large bump on the back of his head, caused by contact with the curb, must have impressed the young man that he had gone to the expense of a funeral for nothing.

A provincial tradesman may be said to owe the flourishing condition of his business to have been jilted by his heart's choice, and taking revenge in a manner which made him the talk of his town, not a large one, by the way. After an engagement lasting the better part of two years the young woman jilted her lover for a handsomer and more prosperous tradesman from a neighboring town. Hardly were the words of rejection cold on her lips than he set to the work of taking satisfaction for the affront. He shut up his shop and announced his death as having taken place on account of Miss —'s heartless conduct to him. He had cards printed repeating the sad announcement, and these he sent round to all the young woman's friends and his customers, and he advertised in the local paper that his funeral would take place on a certain date. On the day appointed, however, he placarded his shop with a highly-colored notice to the effect that he had learned that "the cause of all his troubles" had proved to be unworthy to file for, and that he had consequently decided to live and "resume his business on Monday next." By this time, of course, the affair was known to the whole town, and when the shop opened on the all-important Monday there was a crowd of customers waiting.

### The Family Home Run.

The national game is frequently productive of "home runs," and one of the most interesting of this variety of tallies was made by a Philadelphia batsman in Chicago. He hit the ball squarely and drove it over the right field fence. It entered the window in the second story of a house, rolled down the back stairs into the kitchen and lodged in a pan of dough under the stove. The natural inference is that the family partook the next day of ball-bearing bread.—Youth's Companion.

### Change Wrought by Time.

In 1855 it required on the average four hours and thirty-four minutes of the time of a laborer to do the plowing, harrowing, cultivating, etc., that went to the producing of a bushel of Indian corn, and the price of that labor was nearly 36 cents on the average. Today machines have changed conditions. Their use has reduced the necessary time of the laborer to about thirty-four minutes and the cost of it to about 16 1/2 cents. The wages are, however, much better now than in 1855.

### The Salt of the Sea.

There is salt enough in the sea to cover 7,000,000 square miles of land with a layer one mile in thickness.